G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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I have added a couple of young prairie dogs

their haunches, and use their paws as children

THE STATE OF EUROPE.

in which the writer is at a loss to account for

the deep anxiety in England concerning so ob-

scure a matter as a war with Morocco. The

copy from one of the ablest journals in Massa-

Though no open war disturbs the continent,

He is one of the powers that support the Sul-

this irresponsible Nero; so that not a states-

and his Government held accountable for them;

for fear that the ghost of the nightmare of

French invasion will stare them in the eves.

chusetts, the Newburyport Herald:

In our last number we copied an interesting

GUY OAKLEAF.

Yours, truly,

60 Dudley

Still, it is impossible for scenes to be laid and circumstances to transpire in "at Palace in Genoa" without having something to do with Italy and Italian life and scenesy—the more so Italy and Italian life and scenery—the more so, as, in this particular history, as the sequel will Presently, Helen began to notice that the eyes set forth, there is a decided reflex action of this of three especial persons were on her, intently have been required, in order that our purposes and method shall not be misunderstood.

The two days which our friends gave to Miconjecture, when so much life, health, and curiosity, combined to waken them into motion.

There were the Brera and Ambrosiana, with their

There were the Brera and Ambrosiana, with their

There were the Brera and Ambrosiana, with their all, its grand pathetic "Hagar," from the pen-Merivale dragged them off to study the Duomo that famous cathedral which has been depicted

lan one of those handsome bastards, which have recently elicited the encomiums of M. de Gi themselves to overcome circumstance-with which critique, we say, and the charitable supposition that our friends saw the Duomo entirely, from the "crystal-vested troop," (three thousand strong,) who mount guard upon its by the famed Benvenato upon his ghastly

But not even the famous Duomo so impress-ed our travellers as did a scene "from the life," which they witnessed that night at the worlda scene from the life, I have called it, and it taught them that the stupid Austrian eagle, with its "testa tadescha" - two of them, rather-not only fully renewed, but exaggerthe venomous tyranny of the Visconti viper. If They did not wave an eternal black flag over Helen with—suppose we say, a sob. the people, crying "death, death !" They patit was Galeazzo of that family begun the Cathedral-it was Ludovico of that and she was still so engaged, when, the Opera laid the foundation of the Milanese academy upon the Ballet. Now, indeed, she could no and of Lombard art. But the iron heel of these fail to look, for it was a new emotion to her white coated gentry permits none of this. They crush them down deeper and deeper into the mire, scoffing at their pale pain-marked fea-rendering of "As You Like It," under the tures, rejoicing when they writhe a little. Time name of "Orlando e Rosalinda," and though was, and not so very long since, when the foe the plot was not Shakspeare's, though not was generous, comparatively; not forty years ago, when Reignier was Archduke, and Bubna lightfully artificial, it could not fail to charm. ruler in Milan, some generous deeds were done—aye, let us put it on record that an Austrian general in Milan has been known to tear passion of the music, now wild and fierce, now trian general in Milan has been known to tear up a list of eight hundred of the disaffected, refusing to know them! Be it known also that that general, Bubna, was applauded in La that general, Bubna, was applauded in La and the acting, which seemed to say more, to Scala for the act. But that was before 1830before Metternich had discovered, to his dismay, that the snake was scotched, not killed. Times changed, and since then the Milanese have been treated as Milo exercised himselfhave been treated as Milo exercised himself— the Crotona calf grew into a mighty bull—the the Italians call furore, and which we have no Milan handcuffs have been converted into eighty-pound leg-irons, Mantuan water-vaults, under Spielberg. Say the whitecoats, "Shall we suffer them

to amuse themselves? Why, no; then they will grow active, strong, able to resist. If they turn marble-chips are ugly weapons in an emeute, of which we have forty per annum. If they paint, we must concede them colors, and out of these they can mock us, and inflame themselves with they can mock us, and inflame themselves with down 'All kinds of Amusement' in the Index Prohibitorius for Milan." And so, with a bay-

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Rea.

A PALACE IN GENOA.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

Let Really with the praise of deal Beethore's Province of the State of the Stat

"fit haunt for gods" upon the personages we have selected for portraiture. So far forth, then, as is necessary for the proper understanding of this influence of Italy more understanding of the personages we have selected for portraiture. So far forth, the eyes of a Whitecoat sitting near, a red-faced Colonel, to whom Tokay was no rarity—pride, and insolence, and cruelty, and ing of this influence of Italy upon our characters, we must depict Italy and its people, and it eye, in his swollen face, in his martinet erections. shall be our endeavor not to let the process fascinate us, and betray us into extraneous writing, or any word-use that may have the effect to mar the artistic proportions and unity of our story.

shall be our endeavor not to let the process fascinate us, and betray us into extraneous writing, or any word-use that may have the effect to mar the artistic proportions and unity of our story.

Second, an Italian, his face paler than the pale, his black hair long and wild, his large eyes full of lurid light, with brown hollows un-So much of preliminary explanation seems to derneath them, his hands nervous and tremu-

And these two gazed only at Helen. But the third saw all three, and more than all three— who had concluded, he said, to go to Florence everything in the house. Him Helen confessed via Verona, Mantua, and Modena—they went lan were busily employed, as we may readily to herself she liked least of any, and dreaded most his stare.

There were the Brera and Ambrosiana, with their tlemanly in manner, and shrewdly keen in look. wealth of art to be inspected; the latter, with Why did not Helen like him? His color was where lives the Colonello tedescho, who was its MSS, its drawings by da Vinci, Michel An- fresh, florid-his manner manly; there was gelo, and its hair of Lucrezia; the former, with its precious "Sposalizio" of Rafael, its old frescoes of the days of Luini, its Titians, Guidos, Tintorets Giorgianes Schidores and above.

Tintorets Giorgianes Schidores and above.

Why did Miss Beale experience such ing a cane, the Hyena of last evening. As he aversion for him? Was the repulsive influence seated in that impudent "stony British stare," walked briskly on, looking neither to right nor nor to left, Helen saw him give his light cane of Guercino. These and the churches seen, so strangely alternated with a furtive sort of an unusual-flourish, so that it struck against uneasiness, a seeming as if he were in dread of the door of a small house, which abutted on that famous cathedral which has been depicted in every school geography, from Malte Brun and Morse, down to Mitchell, and—what is the last famous cathedral which has been depicted in every school geography, from Malte Brun and Morse, down to Mitchell, and—what is the because capable of yielding to that dread? Was it because of the chance look she now and then the because of the chance look she now and then the because of the chance look she now and then the left famous cathedral which has been depicted in every school geography, from Malte Brun because capable of yielding to that dread? Was it because of the chance look she now and then the left famous cathedral which has been depicted in every school geography. last favorite of the Pedagogic Hierarchy? We shall not speak of what they saw and felt, but with a single brief sentence from the pen of watchfulness? She did not know, she could watchfulness? She did not know, she could watchfulness? She did not know, she could down of the carriage and saw three stealthy not analyze her feelings, but, from the first moment, she associated him in her mind with a men in black come on. They paused, they been a called him softly, to herself. Hyena, touched a door, and burst in with noiseless yet calculation, but of nature and love, and its hena—called him softly, to herself, Hyena, and thought of that beast, cowardly and defiant, wasting its strength in search after offal, and in robbing of grave-yards, and craunching into forbidden union for its creation; it is a and in robbing of grave yards, and craunching monster, perhaps, according to the botany of of dead men's bones, by night. The image took monster, perhaps, according to the botany of architecture, but it is like the peerless and perfect rose, which passes out of the family of order, only to become the queen over all orders; the derivative of the family of order, only to become the queen over all orders; the family of order, only to become the queen over all orders; that he was somehow aware with her wild shrieks. A close coach drove was thrust in. works out an affluence of charms that bewilders of her loathing, and-which most vexed and the mind in admiration, and makes faint the alarmed her -- that, when he looked at her,

Number One, sitting slightly in her rear, and rardin, because they possessed innate power in to her right, flung his insolent glance around, bridled himself up continually, and, while his breath came thickly, and with a jerk and wheeze, like a suppressed eructation, seemed to say to himself, looking at her: "Potz tausend! fraulein worthy my handkerchief. The Herr Colonel might perchance make a worse sewhere San Carlo Borromeo plays the part of Argus, a sceptre in his skeleton hand, a crown Schloss. Was zum Henker! her eyes pierce lection of a mistress to grace his Danubian clear through lapels, mazarin, and padd One of the high-thinking Goddesses, she! Number Two, seated just in front of her, and in the first tier of the loge, twirling noiselessly

what seemed a nosegay of three flowers in the renowned "La Scala" Opera House. It was palm of his hand, seemed, as he gazed at her, to soar away in a lyrical dream, entirely lovely, and entirely unsubstantial.

Number Three, standing against a pillar,

within easy reach of the whole group, nearest to Merivale by Helen's side, but where he could touch Number Two, seemed to watch allthe Visconti were tyrants, so also they were Italian, and took some pride in their Milan. With pity and scorn, Merivale with—a frown,

It was singular, inexplicable to Helen, what an interest she took in watching these three. ily invited da Vinci to his Court, and thus finished, the entracte expired, the curtain rose give its meaning more accurately and intense ly than words—all this could not fail to en-trance. Not only Helen was enchanted, but the audience also, till they were strung up and synonym for in word or act, as likewise we have limit to the expression of our wonder at be

holding it. And it came. There was a scene between Giacomo ("the melancholy Jacques") and Rosalinda. With a pirouette, a lively gesture, and strange vivacity and expression, they argued about the land from which they were banished. Jacques was hopeless; he did not wish to return thither; tyranny ground it down, the spirits of the peo

Then, how the woman flung off her light frivoonet at every throat, a spy in every house, a curse in every heart, and the "deep damnation" of these ever-present whitecoats sickening every eye, Milan sits waiting for—the judgment!

Yet one appropriate that have a title Wilder throat the signed her whether the port and majesty of a sybil, as she signed her vehement, tearful disclaimer. "No—no—no—she does see—she does feel—

per, of that imperial bird,

"Qui, per piu devorare,
Porta due beechi."

That is a political matter entirely, and, as such, is left to the discussion of pamphleteers, and the correction supposed to lie perdu in "Des Idées Napoleonniennes."

The objects of my book are purely artistic: the evolution of certain characters, the dramatic progress of certain events, and the psychological phemomena induced (to use a scientific term) by the reciprocal interaction of these characters and these events.

Salve could still avenge himself; for never was proof of hatred, dread, and loathing, more directly given, than manifested on those dark, pale faces, in their every look and action. Did a Whitecoat sit near a Pale-face woman, she shrunk away, and drew her dress closer to her, as if a serpent slunk by, or a ghost walked past. Did one stare, she would grow pale, nervous, try to avert her face, and seem to have palpable recognition of the evil eye. And ever on those pale, pain-lined faces waked there a languid, weary smile, yet a smile so made up of contempt, so dark, so malign, so vexatious, that Helen fancied she would rather have a scorpion sting her on the cheek, than face such smiles as those. Worse than all, they seemed to seek to those. Worse than all, they seemed to seek to knitting its muscles for the spring.

down into his seat. "Are you mad, Luigi? remember—it is death for death—and I have heard you say your life outvalued his."

Luigi shook him off-screamed, almost, be "Touch me not, Spiaccia!" and, like one demented, fied hatless from the house.

Overborne by excitement, and with these shadows of Milan lying heavy at their hearts, our friends soon followed, taking leave of La Scala. Yet, before they were quite gone, Helen had seen the effect of that scornful word, Spiachas and after that she

cia, upon the Englishman, and after that, she fancied he was rather a tiger than a Hyena. When, next morning, our two young travel lers had taken regretful leave of Mr. Merivalevia Verona, Mantua, and Modena-they went front of which white-coated soldiers were put-

ting down straw, as if some one within it were stabbed in the breast last night. May he con-

dow of the carriage, and saw three stealthy eager haste. A moment more, and a wild scream made her grow pale, and the vetturino stopped his horses to look back. Then Helen saw the three men in black come out of the rapidly up, the struggling man was thrust in, his captors followed, the coach door was slam-

ed the vetturino, whipping up his horses, "it is that poor Luigi Conti—he who, they say, stab-

But he did not shudder as much as Helen did. and had cause to do; for the Colonel was Number One; the Luigi, just made prisoner, was Number Two; and Number Three, the fell Hyena, who had just paled and fled from her presence, had touched only one house with his cane, and that was the house where Luigi was

sheltered! "Brother, brother!" cried she, "tell him to drive faster! Let us escape from this place. It stifles me!" Thus they took leave of Milan.

From Once a Week.

RELIQUES OF THE LOST. A large boat; wi hin her were two human skelete

. . a small Bible, interlined in many places with numerous references written in the

BY EDMUND BODGER, M. A. Our stout hearts brave the ice-winds blenk, Our keen eyes scan the endless snow

All sign or trace of those we seek Has pass'd and perish'd long ago. Oh, flash of hope! Oh, joyous thrill! Onward with throbbing hearts we haste, For, looming through the ice-fog chill,

Sad recompense of all our toil, Wrung from the iron realms of frost, A mournful, but a precious spoil, A reliquary of the lost.

Here lie the arms, the sail, the oar Dank with the storms of winters ten, And by their unexhausted store The bones that once were stalwart me Their hast dark record none may learn-Whether, in feebleness and pain,

Heartsick they watch'd for the return Of those who never came again; Or if amid the stillness drear They felt the drowsy death-chill creep Then stretch'd them on their snowy bier.

And slumber'd to their last long sleep; He only knows, whose Word of Hope Was with them in the closing strife And taught their spirits how to cope

With sgony that wins to life-He only knows, whose Word of Might Sur: pledge that Death's long, polar night

Should brighten into endless day; And when the sun with face unveil'd Was circling through the summer sky, With silent words of promise hail'd

Welcome, dear relique! witness rate! Faithful as if an angel wrote; Though Leath had set his signet there, The Lord of Life was in the boat.

and vexations, prayers, resolutions, and regrets and all that goes to make up the lessons of this fevered existence. How precious the return of winter evenings. How calm and gentle their influences, after the whirlwind of busy cares that fill up each moment of the day. How delightful to look at Little Lew's rosy face and immaculate night-gown as he sleeps, with purring puss snuggled in at the foot of the cradle. How kindly sounds the ticking of the clock, the drowsy hum of the kettle, the turning over of the picture-book leaves, as Little Tom, my sweet vis-a-vis, demurely nods over his Cinderella. The busy clink of dear sister's knitting-needles and, above all country luxuries, the dreamy rustle of my husband's newspaper.

Surely we should soon lose every relic of our dear old Eastern homes, and become very Vandals, were it not for these blessed seasons of rest and relaxation. With what blushes do we recall the hurried blunders of the day, the sharp, ungraceful call for wood and water at the kitchen door, the bustle and flurry of preparing dinner. Your husband is the soul of punctuality, and, with three or four sturdy corn-cutters in his train, leaves you with his parting injunction that dinner must be ready at twelve

You promise readily, for it is only six o'clock, and, as the soft-glowing rays of the morning sun penetrate the little white curtain of the kitchen window, you are full of bright elasticity. on their way to the cars, past a tall house, in and, with many a gushing thought of schooldays classics, you are more than willing to be obedient. You imagine yourself the lovely young Lavinia; and the milk-pans, the butter, and the churn, and the sweet rural sounds that fill the morning air, are all a living poem in your fancy; and, as you briskly scamper from pantry to cistern, every vein seems bounding with thankfulness and joy. The booming of the prairie chickers, the quacking of the ducks turkeys, as they come skulking around your barnyard, after the men are off at their work,

You love to make an excursion to the barn of morning sun-fight that now pours over the landscape; and, though you only meant to be gone a minute, you forget the eggs, and stand transfixed at the barn door, looking over the wild and beautiful plains before you. The dew is time to partake of the more weighty or substanthe days of their glory. Old kings of the forest primeval, how magnificent their robing—orange, crimson, green, and purple! and, while your ecstasy grows till your heart nearly breaks loose mental digestion.

beset you to be done at once, each several act claiming first. You wish the landscape in the months. The din of battle has died away—the being coiled up in the door of one of the praintenance. bottom of the Dead Sea.

Away with the hallucinations of poetry. Cinderella was not more magically disenchanted. out. Balloonery is not likely to create another You are a Western housekeeper with two un- excitement for some time to come. We know owls occasionally stepped forth and peered dressed children on your hands, and dinner to make for one, two, three, four, five, six. It seems to you Hannibal crossing the Alps was awaiting her arrival on our shores. Dr. Beljust nothing to it. You look at the clock, lows is not likely to engage the mass of man-What! it is already eight, and you have done kind in his New Church reformation for some rie dog, more timid than his allies, came caunothing yet. The children are cross and unreasonable, and detain you with endless capers about their breakfast. Lew has lost his shoestring, and fights at the cold water like a very plies in Etah, will continue their extortion, and salamander. Tom wants to wear his new boots, steal from the public treasure, and are likely and you must stop and settle him; meanwhile, to continue their regular routine of murder, the cat upsets the milk-bucket, and the dog runs off with the cold meat which you had thought plenty for dinner. Lew throws away without change of programme, until we have a his breakfast to the chickens, and is hanging change in the Administration. May God speedaround your skirts, supplicating, "up mamma, ily send that change. We hope there is no up mamma." Sweet lamb! you can't endure probability of another Sickles tragedy, to fill even his pretty ways with any patience, and you the press of the country with its sickening dedash away from his poor little heart-broken tails. General Harney and Governer Douglas cries, and hurry to the smoke-house for a ham, have failed, we hope, to get up a war between wherewith to replace your lost meat. You pile an the two great nations of the Anglo-Saxon race. old box on top of an old ash barrel, and mount By the way, why, in the name of the Demoyour rostrum; it gives you an awful cramp to cratic party tactics, did General Harney not look up at the meat hanging high over your wait until the eve of the Presidential campaign but, with a long stick in your hand, you before he raised a row with the British authoripoke and twist till at last bang comes the ham, ties? Such a stroke of policy would undoubt crash goes the old barrel from under you, thumpety-bump goes your head, and you find yourself somewhere up in a corner of the smoke-disgraced a nation. But, as it is, the whole house, rubbing your crazy-bone, and hugging a twenty-pound ham, not very much elated with your success. You come out from amid the dust and ashes of humility very meekly, catch a glimpse of Bill the bound boy smickering at has certainly evinced himself too eager and your misfortune. You can't stand being de-graded in the eyes of a pauper, and make a chair. convulsive effort to look composed. Assuming the tone of a Roman matron, you bid him go over his shoulder, that caps the climax of your vexation, and you wish the earth would swallow him. Just then, a line of Lamartine passes through your mind: "Youth is given us that we may learn to grow old grace fully." You feel that you are growing old gracefully with a vengeance just now, and you vent your impotent wrath by calling Lamartine an old fool. You are bitter and angry.

And said gaily, " When it's mo

Will the angels take me up?" Down he sank, with roguish laughter, In his little trundle hed And the kindly god of slumber Snowered the poppies o'er his head.
"What could mean his speaking strangely?" Asked his musing mother the Oh, twas nothing but his peaule

What can he of as gels ken? There he lies, how sweet and placid And his breathing comes and goes Like a zephyr moving softly, And his cheek is like a rose But she leaned her car to lister If his breathing could be heard-"Oh! " she mura ured, " If the angels Took my datling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle Hath the sleepers both beguited And within its soft embracings Rest the mother and the child Up she starteth from her dreaming, For a sound has struck her ear-And it comes from little Willie, Lying on his trundle near!

Upon her troubled ear again And his breath in louder fetches Travels from his lungs in pain And his eyes are fixing upward, And the blackness of the spoiler From his cheek bath chased the bloom Never more his "Now I lay me "

Will be said from mother's knee;

Never more, among the clover,

Up s'e springeth, for it strikes

Will he chase the humble-bee. Through the night she watched her darling, Now despairing, now in hope And about the break of morning Did the angels take him up

## INKLINGS FROM THE FRONTIER; LIFE ON THE PLAINS AND ADVENTURES IN

THE TENTED FIELD

To the Editor of the National Era : When a leisure hour is now and then snatched

suckers, all mellowed with the lowing of the routine of daily daily of dellar-worship, the physical functions are allowed a season of relaxation. And then, too, the mind craves its necessary nonrishment and

odd gables and pretty porches, and the light to digest such, experience the evil effects of acre can be made tillable. curling smoke from that blessed hearth-stone such a course. I do not purpose to explain One day, while encamped on the Washita, seems to carry with it to the skies your matin why, how, or in what manner. Please take adoration and thanksgiving. And, oh, the trees! the trees! clap your hands, ye little hills. As my word for it, exercise your own judgment on ining the roots of some peculiar plants which David loved the cedars of Lebanon, so your soul the suggestion, and never dive into science, had attracted my attention and excited a curi cleaves to those dear old oaks, and these are philosophy, theology, history, or deep literature osity. After completing my researches, I con of any class, unless you can spare the time and cluded to visit a prairie-dog town, situated on devote the attention necessary to a healthy

from its prison, you are suddenly brought down to reality by seeing little Tom leading his baby sideratum. Still the question, what shall I read?

Your weekly newspaper will supply the destanding his baby sideratum. Still the question, what shall I read?

and by, all was hushed, and silent, and lonely-not a living object to be seen, or a sound to the sideratum. brother across the porch, in his little bare feet and night-gown. This is a stunner in your often rises in the mind of the weary and care. In not a living object to be seen, or a sound to mursery tactics, and you fly to the house just worn man, as he takes up his paper and throws. worn man, as he takes up his paper and throwsaroused to the consciousness of how you have wasted your time; and now a thousand things we have an abundance, and are likely to have

hasty in his lofty aspiration to the Presidential What am I shout? Politics must be a con tagious disease. For lo! here am I, Guy Oak-leaf, a denizen of the far Western wilds, who dential election, dipping my pen into the pool does not even expect to vote at the next Presi-

of politics.
But I suppose that you are posted on all the foregoing subjects, and cannot find in them the requisites for mental recreation. Look, then, to the poems, stories, (short and sweet ones, I mean,) sketches, essays, and correspondence, from various parts of the world. If, then, you are not satisfied, come away with me, far, far tone in every heart, and the "deep damas, tone" of these everpresent whitecepts and anglesy of a special growth with upor raised and majesty of a special growth with the port and majesty of a special growth and majesty of

with cottonwood and willow timber, as well as an owl, also on the qui vive.

It is very evident that these and grape vines. Large flocks of wild turkeys, of natural history live together on terms of ami-

grouse, and plovers, are found here. The water is literally full of fine fish, which are easily caught. The bottom or valley of the creek is a good wide one, well covered with a laxuriant these populous cities, as a skillful and prudent "star." But to all things there comes an end; these populous cities, as a skillful and prudent "star." But to all things there comes an end; to agricultural purposes. The next morning,

a day's march, moving over on the Washita river. The same remarks I made about Camet creek will apply to the Washita, excepting formal business of their assemblies is finished, will the peoples suffer the taxation for defence, the limit of the limit of

wolves, cyottes, racoons, opossums, muskrats.

man since the commencement of the cam-paign. The unfortunate young man had left ly sealed. These, I think, are the winter prov-

the command for the purpose of hunting, and ender of the owls. in endeavoring to cross the river was drowned. The attention of another hunter was attracted by the mournful howling of a dog. And on repairing to the spot, he found the dog of Martin Gerringer the document. They partake of their food while sitting upright on tin Gerringer, the deceased, siting on the bank, and indulging in lamentations of the most melancholy strain. His horse, still dripping with water, was standing on a sand-bar in the mid-dle of the river. The horse swam over, and was led into camp; but no inducements what-ever could persuade the faithful dog to leave the watery grave of his master. When the article from the New York Times, entitled "Condition of Spain-the Moorish Question,"

story was told in camp, Captain Carr's company, to which the deceased belonged, turned out en masse, and went to recover the body. It was found in the river near where the dog still sat, at the depth of twenty feet. His horse, in plunging into the deep water, had thrown him over his head, and then struck him three times with his feet, breaking his skull just above the on his face, one over the right eye, another across the mouth. They buried him on a high point near by, and with the honors of war. Martin Gerringer was a young man of intelligence, some education, of a quiet and amia-ble disposition, and promised fair to become a valuable, useful, and honorable member of so

ciety, when he returned to the pursuits of civil life, after the expiration of his term of service. He was beloved by all his comrades, and his untimely death cast a deep gloom over camp. The next day we were in our saddles nine weary hours, and made a long march over, for the most part, a barren, sterile, dry, and sandy country; and just as the sun was hiding himself behind a picturesque grove of rustling pines, we halted at the springs from which I date these jottings. An hour before arriving here, we obtained the first view of the Washita

louds just rising up in the southern horizon.

I have not time to attempt a description of barnyard, after the men are off at their work, and the hoarse screeching of the ugly old pump-suckers, all mellowed with the lowing of the routine of daily duty or a cessation from the plaintive bleating of try from which I have been writing for some

still sparkling in the grass, each blade and ugly old weed is now adorned with a nodding plume, glittering and waving like so many fairies over the gentle lea. And in that elfin grove over the gentle lea. And in that elfin grove over the gentle lea. And in that eith grove stands your own sweet cottage home, with its strong matter while your mind is not in a state reach a fine fertile country, where nearly every

took a spade, and rambled out on the high a broad plateau still farther off. On first en tering the town, there was a tremendous char tering and chirping, and a mighty bustle and city limits. I sat down in a bunch of high grass. to patiently await some new development of rie dog houses, would elevate his head, dert forth his fiery forked tongue, and sound a hate ful rattle of defiance. Little prairie ground twisting of their cat-like heads; and, as if not quite satisfied, again retreated to the interior f their dark abodes. And, last of all, the prai tionsly, not trusting more than half his graceful body to be exposed to view while he reconnoi-

tred the premises, and after uttering a few sharp chirps to warn off intruders, retired. Unsatisfied with the reception I met with from the vast population of this city, I invited myself into one of the principal houses, and forced an entrance with my spade. My object was to make myself acquainted with the arrangement of their domestic affairs. But, before giving the result of my observations, per ural history, manners, and habits, as seen exteriorly by all Western travellers.

It is a curious fact in natural history, that the prairie dog, ground owl, and rattlesnake, live to gether in large communities, and on terms of the most perfect friendship. Often we have secretly crossed to some position where we could remain unobserved, and watched their move-

and is a vegetarian in his diet.

The little prairie owl is about the size of a cock grouse, but nearly round in his shape.

His underparts are white, while his head, back.

Midjid; and treason is in all the provinces. Seven years ago, France refused to divide the deet high. Mr. Stuart made a detour occasion-ally of from twenty to thirty miles on each side with Russia and Austria, for the reconstruction of his track, and found the country everywhere

comical. Almost everybody has seen the ever-dreaded generally larger and shorter in proportion to his bulk than his brother, who crawls over civil-

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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stream of clear, cool, sweet water, well skirted ted, while just under his enormous jaws stands knows her own mind. The memory of her traditions escapes her. Her charrin absorbs It is very evident that these three specimens it, and because she will not acknowledge her

a good wide one, well covered with a luxuriant growth of succulent grasses. The soil is composed of rich alluvial deposits, and well adapted to agricultural parameters and well adapted to agricultural parameters. The soil is composed of rich alluvial deposits, and well adapted to agricultural parameters are well to agricultural parameters. The soil is composed of rich alluvial deposits, and well adapted to agricultural parameters are well as a successful parameters. The soil is composed of rich alluvial deposits, and well adapted to agricultural parameters are soil in the second is a fatalist like him; be tells of his mariner would the frightful breakers in a storm. From the fact that these interesting quad-ropeds often congregate in large crowds, I in-fade away. There have been Gasars before at the usual hour, general call was sounded, fer that they must have some system of gov-the tents were struck, and the command made ernment, and are in the habit of holding town and so must it be now. Not always will the meetings. I am also inclined to think that they world sit down under one man; not always creek will apply to the Washita, excepting that everything here is on a more extensive they have a great frolic, indulging in all kinds the alarm of being plundered, despoiled, and murdered which they now endure. The first of gymnastic antics.

I found harder labor, and more of it than I Bonaparte lifted the curtain with his blood red stream at this point, conveying a considerable body of red, muddy water. The timber is heavier, and varied by a considerable quantity of oak, bowdock, honey-locust, and persimmon. Deer, antelope, hares and rabbits, foxes, minks, weasels, and skunks, abound. The extensive bottom is generally quite level, and the serpentine course of the river renders irrigation an easy matter.

We remained five days on this river, when the seminary was broken up and Major for the period of the river renders irrigation as a small round room, containing a neat nest of the parlor, was a small round room, containing a neat nest of the period of the river renders irrigation as a small round room, containing a neat nest of the period of the river renders irrigation to be the general parlor, in which the whole family loaf when off duty on long summer days. The next room just in rear of the parlor, was a small round room, containing a neat nest of citizen King, Louis Philippe. Not in war, the render of the river sheat: but, after all his holse, he passed away, leaving little of his work behind him. So now it must be. France will tire of its paroxysms, by and by; and Europe and a small round room, containing a neat nest of citizen King, Louis Philippe. Not in war, the render of the river sheat: but, after all his holse, he passed away, leaving little of his work behind him. So now it must be. France will tire of its paroxysms, by and by; and Europe and a small round room, containing a neat nest of citizen King, Louis Philippe. Not in war, the renders have a small round room, and the renders have a small round ro room was rather spacious, and entirely bare of with fever's heat: but, after all his noise, he camp Vancamp was broken up, and Major fine, soft grass—doubtless the winter quarters of the prairie dog. To the right of these rooms march for home. Our next camp was at Bear were the store rooms, filled with small bundles but in the spread of commerce, the advancecreek, the water of which is strongly impreg-nated with gypsum.

Of the tender joints of grass, small nuts, and little cells of grass seeds. In other rooms were mud vessels filled with grasshoppers, crickets, are glory and power. The tide will turn, and mud vessels filled with grasshoppers, crickets, are glory and power. The tide will turn, and locusts, and other small insects, and hermetically sealed. These, I think, are the winter proves Bonapartes—they will pass from the heavens, viewed as they really are, like a dark cloud that deadens and chills the earth; and whether the Bonaparte "star" sinks in peace or in blood, God grant that this may be its last aps

## PROTESTANTISM IN ITALY.

pearing. Should it not pass soon, the nations

will be forced to do by Louis what was done to

Napoleon; and when he ceases, will come true

the words that Pierpont applied to another— "Earth shook her encumbered lap, and let a

From the London Athenaum of Oct. 15. A more serious and far more important sign of the times is the legal marriage of two Tuscans, converts from Catholicism to that form of Protestantism called the Italian Evangelical reader of that article-and it is one of very Florence. This union of two obscure individ-Church, at their Italian place of worship in great interest-will find a solution of its ques- uals, under the full protection of their country's left temple, and making two frightful gashes tionings in the following editorial, which we laws, in defiance of the Church of Rome, which has hitherto declared all such marriages in valid and the offspring illegitimate, strikes a severer blow at the insolent domineering sway of Rome than all the coquetting of practice there is anything but peace, and so it will be diplomats, or the hollow kettle drumper while a Ronaparte is in power. \* \* \* This recalcitrant princes, standing out for privileges,

second Napoleon, who has succeeded his uncle to power, seems to have been an heir to his great and his bad qualities, as likewise to his destiny as an agitator. He has power in the Tuscany is among the first fruits of the project sword, but no moral power with the people. of ecclesiastical reform undertaken, as I men-There is searcely a man in the world who tioned in a former letter, by Cav. Salvagnoli, trusts his word or credis his purposes. He is with equal skill and firmness of purpose, to the incarnation of selfishness, and would re- limit as far as may be the grasping power of morselessly swim through an ocean of human the priests. The Italian Evangelical Church, blood to attain his purposes. While he lives there can be no well-founded peace, for no one somewhat similar to those of our Plymouth knows what madness may seize him to-morrow. Brethren, has for some years been steadily England is his ally; but England, fearing his gaining strength in Tuscany. Until the 27th does she allow him to look in any direction but speak paradoxically) was kept as secret as she follows him. He fights for Italian liberty possible, to avoid the persecution which at with a seeming generosity of nature, but the tended any avowed leaning to Protestantism. Italians distrust him, and while they applaud Since the Revolution has given us full liberty they whisper that he is a liar and a cheat. He of creed, a place of worship has been opened is the patron of the Pope, and his arms uphold the Pontifical throne; but the Pope prays God Protestant Tuscan marriage was solemnized in and man to deliver him from such a friend. presence of a large number of persons, and assuredly marks an era in this eventful time. tan; but the Turk feels himself a prisoner in I am told that in Romagna the new converts

the works, one in the lights for the Ottoman in the middle and lower classes. The absence of East, for Sardinia in the South, against the any organized priesthood in the new creed Moors in Africa, in league with the English in forms one of its chief attractions in the eyes of China, and by the side of the Spanish in Cochin a population long accustomed, alas! to couple China. At the same time, he watches the English in Egypt and at Perim, sends an expedition to Madagascar, interferes with the elders have no sort of power beyond the four rincipalities, promises the Hungarians, threat | walls of their church; and even within them ens the Belgians, and overawes the Portuguese. | every one of the brethren has an equal right to If there are any wars to be declared, there offer up prayer or instruct the congregation, ouis Napoleon's voice is heard; if any terms "if the Spirit give him utterance." It is easy of peace to be made, he sits down at a Villa- to conceive the dread and disgust with which nea table, and makes them himself; if any so simple a form of religion must be regarded ongress of nations to be held, he names the at Rome, for shrewd Cardinal Antonelli uce, and his representatives dictate terms; too well that such a fee steadily and silently at any treaty to be formed, it is written on work among the Papal subjects is for more to French paper and with Napoleonic pens. Lord Brougham said it was a sad sight to see a great nation like France in the hands of a legally bowed out, as was the riedmontescent ingle irresponsible despot, who could involve ambassador at Rome after his King's reception her in war and make peace without consulting of the Romagnole delegates, nor hacked to anybody but himself and the interests of his death by Croat and Austrian lavishly paid and amily; but how much sadder is it to see all smuggled into the disguise of the hideous Papal

man speaks in any country without knowing that his words are to be examined in France, The important discoveries made by Mr. not on editor writes in all Europe, without en- | Stuart during a late journey of exploration in dangering his people, if his words be not such the sister prevince of South Australia are thus as would pass the censorship of the press in described by an Australian paper:

Paris; not a country sends a regiment of soldiers or a ship in any direction, without in "Mr. Stuart returned to Adelaide on the 17th quiring whether it will destroy friendly relations with him at the Tuileries; not a king or gusta, after an absence of six months. His queen in all the continent turns over in bed, party consisted of two persons besides himself, f and they had with them about four pack and four or five saddle horses. Mr. Stuart's first The sketch we have given is not imaginary. business was to survey and lay off the runs dis-Look now at his hand in Morocco. The Span- covered and claimed by him some time ago iards have trouble with the Moors at Ceuta, a After that work was finished, he started with penal colony on the opposite side of the straits has party on a further exploratory expedition, from Gibraltar, that the Spaniards have held, with little interruption, for almost three hun- mense tract of country, exceeding in richness dred years. What is that to France? Clearly of pasterage and abundance of water anything nothing; but the French are in the fight, stronger that I s yet been met with. The distance than the Spaniards. So in Italy, he allows no traversed was three hundred miles beyond the peace. The whole country is disturbed. He furthest point reached by Mr. Babbage and stopped his war with Austria, when, as he said, it was about to assume proportions inconsistent with the interests of France. That is, he did started from the Emerald Springs about the benot wish a war with Germany. But he gave ginning of April, and reached latitude 26° S. no peace to Italy, for his purpose had not been the northern boundary of the colony, about the accomplished, and therefore his armies are in the Duchies and at Rome, and Garabaldi is there and back, he states that he was never a calling for a million muskets that look to the overthrow of the temporal sovereignty of the ed consisted chiefly of immense plains, inter-Pope, and the extermination of the Bourbons spersed with numerous hillocks from 100 to 150 at Naples. If we could look down to the bot- feet high, from the summits of which gushed The prairie dog is a saucy, merry, frisky little chap, with graceful form and movements. He is somewhat larger than the fox squirrel, which animal he resembles more than he does a dog, has pretty little round ears, and long, hand-like fore paws, of a yellowish-brown color, and is a vegetarian in his diet.

At Naples. If we could look down to the bottom of Italian troubles, we should see that the springs of pure fresh water, intersecting the plains, and discharging themselves into numerous course received in the ported by Mr. Stuart to be three miles broad in one part of its course. The ranges flanking the ported by Mr. Stuart to be three miles broad in one part of its course. The ranges flanking the ported by Mr. Stuart to be three miles broad in one part of its course. and wings, are of light brown. Two tufts of feathers on each side of his head give it the appearance of that of a cat. He sings no song, but utters a peculiar noise by snapping his quarter of a century; and to England, the only by him. Indeed, he seems to have turned back crooked bill together, and occasionally screams power that would venture to object to the rob- through surfeit of good country. He thinks in a melancholy manner. The queer habit he has of twisting his head from side to side, and winking at you with both eyes at once, is really rulting language of the Paris Patrie: "There are solemn hours in the existence of pression is that an inland lake or sea exists to nations, which decide for a long time their the eastward, which probably discharges its power and their destiny. It seems to us that waters into Stoke's Victoria river to the north-England is on the eve of one of these critical west. At any rate, the theory that the centre his bulk than his brother, who crawls over civilized medows and moorlands. He is darker, has which had become strong rather by diplomacy now be exploded. Mr. Stuart has brought back